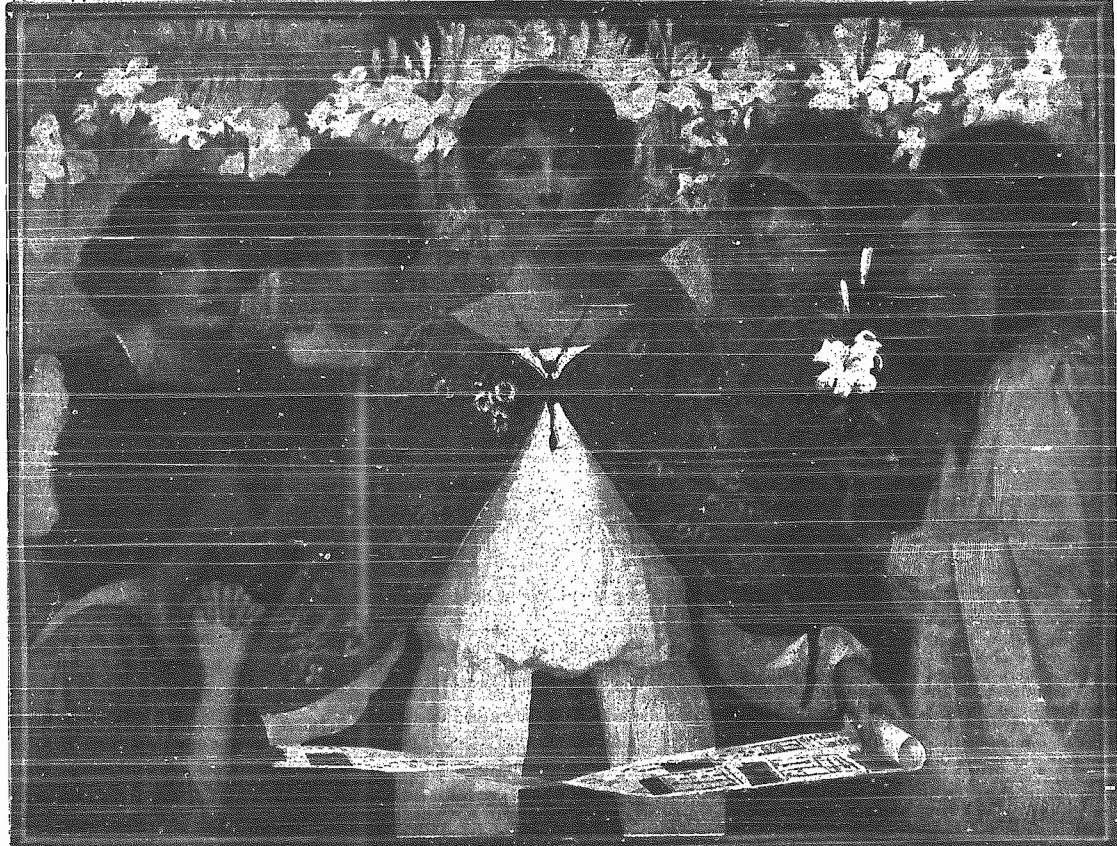
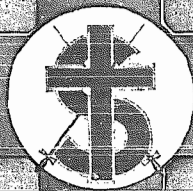


EASTER

THE

NUMBER

# WAR CRY



THE SONG OF THE AGES.

TORONTO.  
Saturday, April 7, 1904.  
Price 5 cents.

## To Set You Thinking.

### WORK.

There is no royal road to success, any more than to any other much-desired goal, and if you wish to succeed in any particular department of life, I have only one word of advice to proffer, and it is work, work, work! There are very few environments that will not yield you something well worth having if this advice is adhered to. You may not be clever nor brilliant, you may not even have had a liberal education to help you to push your way through life, but persistent, dogged effort on the lines of work is bound to tell to your advantage.

### CARE.

Care is essential in everything. Many promising lives have been sadly wrecked through carelessness.

The skilled workman in the construction of a machine displays great care and attention upon the minor details of his work as well as upon the major portion. This applies also to things spiritual. Care must be coupled with thought. A little thought often prevents rushing into danger, often prevents mistakes, and often enables the actions and words that follow thought and care to be a means of great blessing. Discernment is the outcome of thought and care. How essential discernment is to the Christian.

### SKILFUL WORKMEN.

There is a story of a Quaker who ordered a carpenter to make him a table, which was to be good material and very strong. When the table was made the carpenter took it to the Quaker. It looked to be all that could be desired, but the Quaker, in examining it, found at the back of it a flaw which had been filled up with putty. Of course the carpenter thought it would never be observed, but on noticing it the Quaker asked what it was filled up with. The carpenter said, "Putty, which," he said, "is stronger than wood." "Oh," said the Quaker, "if that is the case, take the table back and make me one of all putty."

### WANTED, FIGHTERS!

St. Paul, the gentlest-hearted of men, of an affection almost womanly in its tenderness, and with a voice which breaks with tears, fought with lions, and with men fiercer than lions, and chose as the fit expression for the close of a long career, "I have fought a good fight . . ." Ay, and it is not too much to say that you will not find one great man, in our own or any other history, who did not fight in the teeth of cherished antagonisms with the stern courage of a heart that could dare dauntlessly in the cause of God, or of freedom, or of truth.

Think not that that divine teaching of Christ's sermon on the mount contradicts the word of truths like these. "Blessed are the peace-makers." Yet he who loves peace must fight for it when the need has come; and as for gentleness and love, would they be even possible without the warm spirit of scorn for that which is contemptible, and detestation for what is wrong? Many of our best and most resistless fighters have been men whose hearts could tremble with the tenderest pity at the wrongs done to a dumb animal, and blaze out with the fiercest wrath at him who should cause the tears of a woman or the wailing of a child. As the spirit of the lightning lies in the dewdrop, so a power of righteous anger often slumbers in the noblest breasts, like a fire of God, side by side with meekness and compassion. Even in our Lord, our teacher, our Saviour, our divine example, in dwelling on His forgiveness, His lowly-heartedness, His longsuffering, His love, His patience, forget not that there was another side to His character as well. He who wept at the grave of Lazarus also knotted a scourge of small cords, and overturned the tables of the money-changers, and drove forth

those who made the house of His Father a den of thieves. He whose love would have gathered the children of Jerusalem together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, yet scathed and laid bare the seared consciences of Priest and Pharisee, and dropped the molten lead of His scorn and indignation upon the souls of formalist and hypocrite. He who, out of His great love for mankind, never shrunk from touching the white sores of the leper, and who suffered the penitent harlot to weep her hot tears upon His feet, and wipe them with the hairs of her head, yet faced unflinchingly the fury of an excited synagogue, and sent back a contemptuous message to a reckless and blood-thirsty king.

### POINTS FROM THE GENERAL'S ADDRESSES.

Gathered by M. F. Ellis.

"We are an Army whose doctrines are sound, whose government is strong, whose discipline is correct, and whose officers—capable of improvement even in Scotland—are among the best people God ever had in the face of the earth; but" (addressing the soldiers) "where are you to-night? Have you got the spirit, the mind of Christ?"

"If you have not got His life in you, you are merely a thing that sings songs, and cherishes expectations—a form, a skeleton, a machine."

Do you ever pronounce the name of Jesus to yourself? Do you know Him? Have you ever experienced the thrill of an hour's communion with Him?

"What a lot of skeleton souls there are in this meeting!"

"Thy (the divine) power is equal to all the demands that can be made upon it."

"God is still good to backsliders."

"Poor David! He wanted to be done with sin in his own heart altogether after the spiritual tragedy he experienced."

"That cesspool of sin in your own nature, that Augean stable in your heart, can, can—be cleansed."

"There is no proper place for sin, except in hell."

"An experience of God's salvation is better than fifty years in Edinburgh University studying about it. Come into God Almighty's college."

"There is a work or species of gravitation by which all that is good and true and noble reaches heaven, and all that is proud and selfish and devilish travels to hell."

"The living is the thing. It is all right up yonder. In heaven they are all as rich as Jews. (Laughter.) Well-lodged, well-fed, and drink every day from the flagons of heavenly champagne (laughter), which I hope to do some day. But what about the life down here in Edinburgh?"

"God Almighty does not want pretence, He wants realities."

"It is the heart that makes the life clean—not the life that makes the heart clean."

"The doubtful thing is the damning thing."

"The devil has got you in pawn, but Christ has redeemed you."

"There is no folly like forgetting God."

"What fiercer torments do you imagine there can be in hell than the memories of procrastination, backslidings, rebellions, and self-indulgence?"

### THE EMPIRE OF LOVE.

Said Napoleon I., when banished to St. Helena, "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded great Empires, but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His Empire upon love, and to this very day, millions would die for Him."

A Scottish chieftain, shot with two balls, seeing his clan waver, raised himself on his elbows, the blood streaming from his side, and exclaimed, "I'm not dead, but looking to see you do your duty!" God's eye is on us. How are we?

## Put Up Thy Sword.

By M. Morley.

It seems hardly necessary to relate the incident in connection with which the above command was spoken, yet a few words about it will refresh the memory.

Our Saviour was passing through the most trying experience of His sojourn on earth. He had yielded Himself to Judas and his band of men, and desired that "these" (His disciples) might go their way. But Simon Peter, who was always ready to defend his Master, when he saw the soldiers about to take Jesus, drew a sword and cut off the ear of the high priest's servant. Then said Jesus unto Peter, "Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"—John xviii. 11.

How often do incidents somewhat similar to that above mentioned occur in our common lives! What follower of Jesus has not been called at some time during his or her Christian experience to pass through a trying hour, to drink a bitter cup given by the Father-God—bitter indeed to human nature, yet the drinking of which will glorify Him? And how often it is said by those who would defend us from hardness and trial, "God does not expect so much of you; you are suffering more than is wise or necessary," or other such defending words are raised. But, comrades, the cup which God has given to you or me, shall we not drink it? True, it is trying to turn to our friends or perhaps parents, who so much love to defend their children, and rebuke them for raising the sword on our behalf, bidding them to sheath it and leave us unhindered to

### Drink the Cup Our Father Has Given Us.

When the devil sorely tempts you and you almost wonder if God has called you to pass through this night of sorrow, and if so why?—accept the cup at His hands and drink it. Jesus bore His great agony without any human fellowship or comfort, but the Father sent an angel to strengthen Him. "The disciple shall be as his Master," and the Father will send, not an angel, but the Comforter, which is the Holy Spirit, to uphold and help His faithful, struggling child. Take courage, my comrade, and drink your cup. The triumph of Jesus in the garden has been the inspiration which has helped millions of His children to fight and conquer, and not only will each victory help you another to win, but your victories will help other struggling souls, and so the chain of blessing will add link to link.

In God there is grace enough to enable us to cast aside all swords of defence that would hinder us in our mission to the lost world, and to make us bold to do His will. Let us claim it.

### A SENSATION.

The resurrection was a sensation. It came in upon the world with a suddenness of an earthquake. It was the last thing anyone expected. The disciples were, perhaps, most astonished of all! It was not in that direction they looked for deliverance, if they looked for it at all. The one word, "Impossible," writ large and plain, closed up that road. And yet by that way salvation came. The unexpected happened! Once more God improved upon Himself. Once more He took dust and raised up this time the conquering man.

It could not be gainsaid. There it was—a fact—nay, the fact. It shook to the roots everyone who heard it, and transformed everyone who believed it, and made everyone who rejected it mad with rage and hate.

It is still the dividing principle. Those who are with Jesus Christ have been made alive from the dead by believing in Him. Those who are against Him care nothing for His resurrection; to them He is but "a root out of a dry ground."

The Kingdom of God cannot be voted or legislated into existence.—Dr. Hunter.





Chapter I.—The Cottage on the Beach.

**D**OWN by the sea, where the salt waves of the ocean wash up on the beach of Talbert, Scotland, in a little red-tiled cottage, little Jean was born, as bright a wee bairn as any in the "toun." The natural wild scenery of the rocky coast, the beautiful breezes that blew from the waters, the sands over which her baby feet toddled, all conducing to her free and happy spirit, health, and ambition, and an activity of character which would make her, in years to come, a capable woman, if only early bent in the right direction. The baby developed into a strong and healthy child; she lived in the sunshine and washed in the sea. She was not trammelled with the fine clothes or the particular notions of richer people's children; her plain cotton "pinny" was wet with the water and soiled with the sand every day; her hair, unbound, blew in the wind, and, indeed, absolute liberty and freedom of muscles and body laid the foundation of a fine and robust constitution.

Jean's father was a good and quiet man, a Presbyterian by faith, who sought to live honestly and up to the teaching which he received; he loved to provide for his family, and as his wife was inclined to waste his frugal earnings, he kept the business of providing in his own hands. The mother was a Roman Catholic by creed, and her husband, who was not prejudiced or narrow-minded as to church and doctrine, frequently accompanied her to church, and, without any particular objection on his part, the children, of whom there were thirteen, were baptized into the Catholic faith and commenced their spiritual education in that denomination. It was but a small church in that town, with one priest, who zealously sought, by discipline, to keep his flock faithful. It was not always an easy task, as far as the juvenile portion of it was concerned. Especially was this the case with the Summers family, for even as the father was not a stiff Presbyterian, neither were his children inclined to be stiff in their Catholicism, and so it often happened that they were found in the Presbyterian Sabbath School imbibing Presbyterian doctrine. But the time was approaching for the children to be confirmed, and the priest duly formed a class and commenced the thorough teaching of the catechism, and then it was that the "heretic" tendencies of the Summers children was discovered, for one day, on addressing a question to Christiana, Jean's sister, he was shocked and angered to receive an answer learned from the Presbyterian catechism. Poor Christiana had unwittingly blundered, but was speedily made aware of it by Father O'Callaghan stamping his foot on the floor, and roaring at the terrified girl, he exclaimed:

"If you are going to be an heretic, get out of here!"

Christiana fled, followed by the younger Jean, and hastened home. On the same day Father O'Callaghan called on Mrs. Summers, who received him with due reverence. He remonstrated emphatically with her, declaring:

"The children must be kept from school. You must decidedly keep them from the Presbyterian Kirk on Sunday, and also the day school through the week."

"They ought to receive an education,

# OUT OF THE DEPTHS

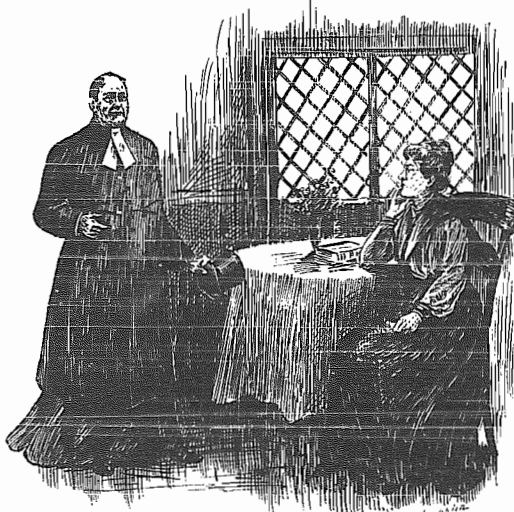
BY MRS STAFF-CAPT MOORE

Father," Mrs. Summers protested. "We have no separate school for our children here."

"It matters not; their faith is first consideration; it ought not, and must not be shaken. You will have to educate them at home."

Mrs. Summers was too wise to dispute further with her priest, for well she knew his anger, if aroused, and the question was supposed to be settled. But it was impossible for her to educate her thirteen children at home, when there were many other thronging duties to perform for them, and so they continued attending the school on the week-day, and could not resist the temptation of going to the Presbyterian Kirk on the "gude Sabbath." The godly McLaughlin was the minister of the kirk, and his gentle hand was often laid on little Jean's curly head as he said softly, "God bless you, lassie."

Two sisters, the Misses McMillan, had charge of the classes in which the Summers children sat when present, and the memory of



"The children must be kept from school. You must decidedly keep them from the Presbyterian 'Kirk' on Sunday, and also the day school through the week."

their sweet voices lingered for long years after in the ears of Jean. It was a very different spirit which seemed to pervade the kirk Sabbath School to what they experienced at their own classes. Jean felt her heart stirred by new emotions and intense longings to be good, to please Jesus, and to go to heaven when she died. When she attended her own school she was so often terrified by the anger of the priest. If the children failed to cross themselves they were punished, and they trembled when he stamped his foot on the floor. It was a discipline of fear in the one instance, and the mild influence of gentleness and love in the other.

Perhaps it was due to the lackadaisical attitude of the parents on the church question that the children made such poor Catholics. Mrs. Summers invariably took the part of the children in every eruption. On one occasion she sent the baby in the care of a neighbor to Father O'Callaghan to be baptized, as some circumstance prevented her taking it herself—she had not the customary five shillings, so sent it without. Father O'Callaghan was not

at his best that day, and was quite indignant, declaring he would not baptize the baby without the fee. The neighbor carried the baby home, feeling very crestfallen. But that good lady, Mrs. Summers, who had had a little too much of good Scotch whiskey to celebrate the expected christening, swore an oath and immediately sought an interview with his reverence. She declared to him she would write the matter to the Pope, and the priest for once thought it was the best policy to yield to her, and forthwith the bairn was baptized. Under circumstances like those it was small wonder that the children did not sufficiently reverence the authority of the church, for Christiana likewise felt justified in resenting jurisdiction. When the distracted priest sent a good Catholic young lady to watch the children, and bring them away from the kirk, Christiana unceremoniously took the "puir body" and pounded her with her clenched fists, whereupon that good soul went sobbing to Father O'Callaghan, and the Summers' were more than ever in disgrace.

It was such a terrible loss to the children that their mother was not a Christian woman. She was fond of her stimulant, and her language was rough and vulgar, and as a consequence she was loose in her principles, for instance, the following:

"Jean," called her father, "here is threepence for a pound of nails. Go to the shop and ask for two-inch nails. Mr. Jacobs will give you some change."

As Jean passed the window where her mother plied her irons to the clean washed clothes, she beckoned to her and said, "Bring me the change, Jean."

Jean nodded, and in a few minutes returned, being careful to escape her father until she had first seen her mother. Mrs. Summers, as I hinted before, had little or no money given to her by her husband, for the very good reason that she spent it in drink, and there was little enough to meet the actual needs of the home. So she took the change from Jean and gave her instructions to tell her father she paid threepence for them; he would then suppose Jean had received threepence' worth of nails, instead of one pound at twopence. Jean, with an innocent face, took the nails to her father, but said nothing about the change.

"Where is the change, Jean?" he inquired.

"There was no change, father," said the child, but colored as she uttered the lie.

Mr. Summers suspected the truth, and gently drew her to him.

"Jeannie, my child, why do you tell father a lie? there was change."

Jeannie held tightly to his breast, felt the throbbing of his heart, and a tear from her father's face fell on her little hand; her little heart felt broken.

"Because mother told me to," she sobbed. There was silence for a moment. Mr. Summers was sadly pondering how to teach her the sin of the lie, and yet not reduce her opinion of her mother. At length he spoke.

"It was very, very wrong, Jean. If you do little dishonest tricks like that now, you will learn to steal and do worse things when you are older. Your father will forgive you because you are his child; but when you are older and away from me, then the law will deal with you, and will not forgive you as your father does. Oh, my child, my little Jean, if you should grow up to be a thief, you would bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Promise me, Jean, that you will never do it again." And Jean, with wet face and bursting heart, promised.

(To be continued.)

# The Time of the Singing of Birds.

By Evangeline Booth, Commissioner.

A

A million notes fall upon my ear this spring morning. I hear them each blend in one vast harmony, thrilling hill and vale, plain and mountain. Striking one great chord of thanksgiving, and I learn from this sudden burst of song, first, that wherever there is spring there is praise. None of nature's lessons are written in monotone. The hand of Providence which carries us through space, varies and shades our path so that no season lasts long enough to pall, no one experience hangs over us for ever. There is the time when the fields are scorched with midsummer sun, and man and beast bewildered with the blistering heat. There is the time when the parting glory of a dying summer bespatters all the foliage with rainbow. There is the time when the snow covers the earth and the ground is locked in a fortress of ice. Now "is the time of the singing of birds," when all nature lifts the doxology of "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." While running water, escaped from its ice-bands, and a myriad wings awakened from the winter's sleep, play the accompaniment. In every tree-top an orchestra, on every hillside an oratorio, from every brook a chant, on every leaf a psalm, all telling us the winter has gone and with it the stinging winds and beating storms, the long, dark nights and the chill, grey mornings, the hard roads for travel, the slippery paths for the feet, the shivering cold for scantily-clothed backs, and dire disease from chill to limb or throat or lung, and if you listen you will hear from the lowing of the cattle in the valleys, and the bleating of the sheep in the vernal swamps, the wooing of the birdlings in the nest-holes, and the hum of the insects in the rustle of leaves, the song of "Praise God—Praise God for the time of the singing of birds has come."

## A Great Temple.

I have often thought at springtime that the earth is like a great temple with all nature crowding round its altar for morning prayers. The daily portion is the 143rd Psalm, "Praise the Lord, from the earth, mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars, beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl." The winds praise Him, making music through the forests. Do you make music of thanksgiving through the walks of our life, no matter where the path is marked for your feet? The birds thank Him, and for the seed they pick from the sod all the heavens with minstrelsy. The flowers praise Him, and for their drop of dew lift cups of fragrance to the

sky. The waters praise Him, and cry out of their great depths of His might and power. Do you praise Him? Do you strike any notes of gratitude through the walks of your life, no matter where the path is marked for your feet? Does your soul utter any gifts of thanksgiving for His unmeasured and abundant goodness to you? Is your heart discordant with this springtide anthem? Or are you the broken harp string? Are you the discordant note in this grand band? Is yours the silent voice in the great song of the ages?

Again, spring is faith's crowning time. We have seen winter do its worst; we have seen the trees stripped of their fond foliage, and dried their stretched-out empty hands; we have seen the clinging fingers of the jessamine or honeysuckle wrenched from their nestling upon the wall; we have seen the ditches fill up, the roads blockaded, the familiar face of nature disguised in a mask of white, as the mighty elements of the sternest season storm and rail against it. But spring brings in faith's triumph.

All through the long, dark months, trust has clung to the mystery working this will beneath the grim dispensation of winter, and now there is the revelation—the clouds roll back, the sun beams forth, the frost barriers melt away, and out breaks the exquisite face of nature in an April radiance of smiles and tears, framed in a glorious setting of verdant green, more beautiful than ever, proving that the storm which threatened to destroy her has but lulled her to sleep, from which she wakes in the radiant freshness of a new-horn glory.

## The Divine Writing Upon the Ground.

The Bible tells us Jesus stooped down and wrote upon the ground. Jesus does this every spring, and if we only look for the writing we should find in the eye of the petal, and painted in the brown of the bark, and running through the fibres of the leaf, and turning over in the newly-ploughed sod, God's goodness, and that every circumstance that has come to the material world has worked for its good, and we should trust Him much better than we do. We should see for the chill winds which smote us, and the snows of sorrow which blockaded our hearts, we can bear much sweeter fruit. Those heavy rains of bereavement which beat against every window of the homestead when we buried the children will not turn us bitter; if we trust God, the winter of our tears will make us to gain forth a wondrous springtide of blessings upon the heads of others, and where we only had the capacity to think and plan for our own we shall be able to think and plan for many another.

I knew a lady who only had one child—that a little son. He was very beautiful; he grew to the age of twelve, and filled the whole of that mother's heart. You know how a

mother feels when she sees her boy coming up good and strong and brave. She had no hope or thought apart from him. All the wealth and all the estates were his. But a winter wind came up from the valley, and nipped the pretty flower, and he fell. In the large cemetery many lingered before the stately monument bearing the one name, "Our Adored Son." The lady lifted a monument of living stones inscribed with many names, for in her spacious and luxurious drawing-room, every Sunday afternoon, was to be seen a crowd of the poorest and worst boys and girls of a large, dark neighborhood, whose lives she brightened, whose needs she met, whose souls she saved. When I looked upon that room of upturned faces, singing the songs of the Lamb, I said, "Praise God, praise God for the winter, which rolls back, and leaves so glorious a spring."

## God's Infinite Tenderness.

Again, springtime always freshly impresses me with what infinite tenderness God takes care of His own. There is no season of the year which gives to us so choice and complete a picture of God's marvelous and compassionate provision for the world He created as spring. Why should we do so much troubling and worrying and complaining? If we love God, and trust God, and follow God, He will not forget us, or even overlook us. There must be something wrong when a child of God does so much fearing and fault-finding. Consider the lilies; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon, in all the pomp and grandeur of his royal wardrobe, was not arrayed like one of these. From the minnows in the gushing brook to the wild beast in the jungle, He has remembered and provided. In the great plans of Omnipotence there is for every creature a calling, for every insect a home, for every fish a pool, for every bird a tree, for every heart a companion, and it is the same God who feeds the cattle upon a thousand hills who spreads our table. The same God who superintends the manifold industries of the hive will undertake for us in business perplexities. The same God who wraps the Polar bear in his overcoat of fur, and finds the gossamer for the butterfly's wing, will give us our raiment. The same God who designs the architecture of the bird's nest, surpassing in its marvelous structure all human ingenuity, will protect our dwellings. He who at eventide sets fire to the sky from the sparks of the sun's fallen torch will light up the valley when the night of death sets in. For if He careth for the animal creation with a tenderness that surpasses that of a mother, how much more tenderly will He care for His children that love Him! His benedictions may not always come in the way we expect them. Our visitors do not always come just at the time and way we would think of later, and through the back door instead of the front, and not always in evening dress. Those

we love best come the most frequently, and often in working apparel, as Jesus came to Marv. So the money may not come through the business; possibly the business has foundered upon some unforeseen rock, and nearly broke father's heart in the wreck. The breadbasket may not always be filled by the earnings of mother's needle, but by the generosity of the baker, until the tight corner is got around. The true friendship may not be found in the one we thought it should have been, and cause much disappointment, but come altogether from another source, the kind of a person we never expected to cross our path. The service may never be offered from whence we had a right to look for it—from the hand, maybe, we had helped to care for—but from some strange, rough, uncared-for hand, surprising us greatly, like the outgushing water from the hard rock surprised the Children of Israel. I cannot say, but there is one thing of which I am quite sure, and that is that in the winters of our adversity God will not forget us—He will be planning and working for the spring.

#### Be Not Over-Anxious.

Oh, thou who art always contemplating trouble—over-anxious for the children, fearing disaster in the business, worrying because your reputation is not as good in one particular as you really are, fretting in case you are not treated in the church or the barracks with all that respect you think you should be, carrying icicles of a winter grievance into the ante-room of a glorious summer (refrigerators are all right in the pantry to keep the butter cold, but they are miserable things in the heart to freeze the emotions) Oh, throw off all this grumbling, and complaining, and doubting, and fearing, and run out this spring morning and learn that the winter has gone. Listen to the sparrows singing as they thank God for all His care of them, and remember you are more dear to Him than many sparrows, and if you really love Him He will never leave you nor forsake you.

Lastly, this "time of the singing of birds," is by far the most joyous season of the year. It seems to me that God goes up into the topmost pinnacle of heaven, and declares with a voice which bursts a myriad buds like bombshells of aroun. "The winter has gone!" and the whole earth laughs. Joy in the pond, joy in the sands, joy on the hills, joy in the trees, joy everywhere; the sky smiling, the waters smiling, the flowers smiling, while the birds keep up the music, singing, singing, singing. It is just this overflow of happiness which makes spring such an overwhelmingly charming season, and it is just the heavenly springtide in the soul makes a man to know he has the real resurrection religion, and that it is the best thing in all the world.

#### Too Much Funeral Gloom.

There is too much funeral gloom enwrapping the spiritual experience of a great number of Christians, and it harms the reputation of their cause. Something of a death-pall seems to rest upon all their religious exercises. If they read the Bible, they choose a verse or two from Lamentations, and punctuate and emphasize with deep-drawn sighs. If they sing, they select the songs of death, strike up in the minor key, and put plenty of tears into the voice. If they tell an anecdote, it is of loss, or suffering, or martyrdom. If they

preach, they base their remarks upon these texts akin to "O wretched man that I am," as though God had draped heaven in black, and hung crape on the door-handle to let us all know it, instead of laying its streets with gold, and studding its gates with pearls and bedecking its highways and byways with a labyrinth of dazzling color fadeless in life immortal. We want more joy, springtime gladness, holy merriment. Our religion would be more attractive, our step would not drag so often, or our words be quite so heavy, or our patience so easily exhausted, or our tempers so quickly disturbed, or our faces so often shadowed, for where the sun shines it must be bright, and we would be better-looking as well as better-doing and better-feeling, with some more of this springtide joy. It is as much our duty to be happy, to recommend our Christ who bore our sorrows, as it is to be earnest to proclaim His truths. Surely it is a crying shame that those whose way is darkened with the gloom of guilt, and whose hearts are cursed by bondage to vice, who can make no calculation of the snares, and troubles, and distresses awaiting them before they are through with their journey, should make a better demonstration of joy than those who carry in their bosom the hope of the righteous in life, and are sure of a strong arm to help them in death, and a great welcoming into the eternal city hereafter.

#### Our Re-Inforcement.

We have our troubles, cares to carry, the foe to face, the battle to fight, persecution in the store, anxieties in the home, disappointments in the heart, for sometimes the enemy attacks us from many sides. But all the hosts of heaven are fighting with us—our plan of battle carries the signature, "The Lord God Almighty," the twenty thousand chariots seen by Elijah's servant line up in our interests, all the angels are our friends, all the redeemed are in our ancestry, and with King Jehovah leading us, and the forces immortal backing us, and the realms of light awaiting us, should not the springtide in our souls be a rapture outreaching all the joys of earth, making every morning a psalm, every afternoon a song, every evening an hosannah, so that when we pass through the triumphal arch into the Kingdom we shall be in accordance with the jubilation, and life's rehearsal will have tutored us for the grand oratorio of the eternities.

## A Soul's Awakening.

By Staff-Capt. F. Morris.

HERE he sat, as he had sat for many a long year, the careless, indifferent, and—we had almost said—the hard-hearted wretch we had known him to be for many a day. Argumentative? I should say so. I was personally sick and tired of talking to him. A more exasperating mortal I believe I never met with. He had his fund of excuses, and manufactured phrases, which he would repeat when approached about his soul's welfare with the precision of a parrot.

Latterly I never spoke to him in the prayer meetings, as my limited stock of grace and patience would not hold out against "his trade in stock." Withal he was a cynic and a critic—without going too much into details—abominable in his manner and language.

I had had a smack or two at him on a few occasions, as I have intimated, but with poor results, except to leave him with a mocking smile upon his face, and I am afraid more concerned than ever. Of one thing I am quite certain, if I teased him at all, it was very little.

One night Hardheart sat in the prayer meeting in his usual stolid mood; evidently he had enjoyed the first meeting, for he had taken part heartily in the singing, and had thrown to the officer commanding a few gracious smiles as a sign of pleasure. He stayed to the prayer meeting, of course. It would have indeed to be a very heavy gospel gun that would have made him move either out of the street or to the penitent form. The rascal, if I may be allowed to use the term, seemed to come to the meetings again and again with the sole object of going for the fishers in the prayer meetings, and it was just dreadful if he got hold of a zealous young convert. In less time than it takes to rate he would, as a rule, have him dumbfounded.

However, this particular night of which I speak, I saw Professor L., a really good and whole-souled Christian, and a Salvationist of a few weeks' standing, make his way, Bible in hand, to Hardheart, who, in his usual conceit, was perched in his seat awaiting the first attack. I was, on this occasion, looking through my fingers instead of praying, and bubbling over with delight as I saw the Professor make for him. I thought, "He will get more than he bargains for." The Professor's boy for him. His translations direct from the Greek and the Hebrew will soon put a stop to all his bombastic greatness! I confess I forgot to sing, for even to pray, and knelt transfixed watching the word battle. The Professor was waiting to deliver in the Bible, which was doubtless intended as a clincher to the long argument he had been putting forth, for I had seen his jaw moving at a terrific rate, almost without cessation, for at least five minutes. Hardheart, though, nearly exploded when he at last did get a chance to get a word in, for with fiery-looking eyes, a face nearly distorted with excitement, he stood to his feet, and with the aid of his quick tongue, his two hands, and a score of gesticulations, made reply. The conversation at length got uproarious, and the Captain had to interfere. So you can see plainly that Hardheart wasn't to be won that way. But he really did get saved at last, this queer individual, and in quite a simple way, too. It wasn't in a Sunday night's meeting, either. There were, I well remember, few present that Wednesday night, when he was convicted. Hardheart had taken a seat about half way down the hall when the march came in. A godly lassie officer, in passing down the aisle, saw what appeared to her a hardness in Hardheart's expression, and caught some idea of the rebellion in his heart. She felt constrained to say these words in tender pity as she passed, "God loves you, my brother, and wants to save you," and let him reflect upon the words during the meeting, and the days which followed; they slowly, but surely, burnt their way into his hardened heart, and in a short time Hardheart knelt at the penitent form, got properly saved, and to see him now testifying as a Salvation Army soldier, with a heart filled with the love of Christ and a passionate yearning to see souls brought to His feet, you could not help but conclude this man's deliverance was truly a soul's awakening from out the sleep of an into the full realization of the joy which God gives to them that love Him.



**R**IGHT sunshine made the pleasant dining-room of the Army Nurses' Home quite cheerful. The summer sun streaming through the windows glistened on the snowy-white tablecloth and cast a golden radiance over the beautiful vase of flowers which sent forth their aroma through the room, and formed a pleasing harmony with the silvery cadence of the skylark's song that floated in through the open window.

The sweet, earnest faces of the young women around the table in their regulation Nurse's uniform completed the picture. Many of them had come from homes of luxury and refinement, but at the Master's call they gladly left all to follow Him, and consecrated their lives to nursing the sick and carrying the glad tidings of the Prince of Peace to the dark, pestilential courts and alleys of the slums, or the mansions of the rich—ofttimes as dark spiritually. They were each duly qualified, many of them holding the highest diplomas possible for nurses to have.

The busy hum of voices ceased as the Matron opened her Bible to read, and then followed the precious moments of prayer, as first one and then another lifted their voices in earnest petition for help and guidance in their daily rounds.

"Lord Jesus, do save my parents, and my brothers, and sisters," pleaded a voice whose tender yearning tones told of the depth of desire that prompted the petition. A solemn hush fell on them as Nurse Melville continued: "I don't care in what way, Lord, thou dost bring it about, but, Lord, save them all—at any cost." The fervent "Amen!" at the close told how fully other hearts responded to the anxious petition of their comrade.

Nurse Melville came of a very proud and worldly family, who, while attending church because it was "good form," were still a long way from the Kingdom.

"Good morning, and how is my patient now?" said Nurse Melville brightly, a little later, as she stood by the bedside of a lady whom she had nursed for some three weeks. It had been a critical obstetric case, and at the urgent request of the lady's husband it was arranged for the nurse to come a few hours each day for two weeks longer.

After attending to her patient, the nurse proceeded to perform like offices for the little treasure so lately come to brighten that home. Nurse Melville had risen to lay the sweet babe by the mother's side, but as she turned round a draught, occasioned by her dress, caused the flame to leap outward from the open grate and caught the light print dress she wore. Instinctively she realized it, and with brave courage kept silent while she quickly placed the babe in its place, and then backed quietly to the door, fearful to utter a sound lest it might give a shock to her fragile patient. The draught from the open door fanned the blaze, and as she sped down the stair-case with a loud cry she was wrapped in flame. Hearing a noise the gentleman came to the door as she reached the bottom step. It was but the work of a moment, and by the aid of rugs he smothered out the flames, but not before Nurse Melville had re-

ceived frightful injuries. Medical aid was summoned, but was unavailing, and a few hours later the sufferer passed away.

The body was removed to her home in the West for burial. It was a great shock to the family, and when they heard of her prayer for them, in the Nurses' Home, before starting on her last errand of mercy, they broke right down, and the evening of the memorial service witnessed father, mother, and each member of the family seeking pardon.



"The draught from the open door fanned the flame."

The prayer, "At any cost," was answered. It rang in the ears of that stricken family. Had God chosen this method to wake them up? We must leave it until that great day when all mysteries will be explained; but at this Easter tide, when our hearts are rising in grateful adoration to the Man of Sorrows, who gave Himself for our redemption, shall we not apply its lesson?

We are appalled at the frightful cost of war, and shudder as we read of two millions of men immolated by the insatiable ambitions of Napoleon, besides the trillions of treasure wasted. Men prate about the glories of the battlefield, but when we hear the bitter cry of widows and orphans, and see the crippled soldier return, the glamour of war disappears,

and we exclaim, "Victory!—aye, but what a cost!"

The Bible is often neglected and allowed to remain dust-covered on the shelf, as of no value; but when we turn back the pages of history, and see our forefathers hiding in cellars and caves, eagerly reading its sacred pages by the dim lantern light, or relentlessly pursued by their persecutors until at the martyr's stake, or in the arena, with excruciating physical agony, they seal their testimony with their blood, we cry, "Blessed Bible!" and rejoice at our freedom to read it unmolested, and thank God for our liberty, but as the echo of Luther's words comes back, "We shall light a candle this day in England that shall never be put out," we exclaim, "Freedom! Liberty!—but

#### What a Cost!

What a country of light is ours! Churches everywhere. Religious agencies increasing yearly. The Salvation Army in the vanguard of God's army of salvation. The door of hope and gate of mercy flung wide open. To be a Christian no longer means to be an object of scorn, derision, or contumely, and yet because of the comparatively easy conditions under which men can enter the Kingdom, what a little realization there is of the cost.

Let us reckon it up, this immeasurable expenditure. He paid our debt, but how? At what a cost? Not heralded by trumpet blast,

or surrounded by a glittering throng of mailed warriors, or attended by gorgeously-apparelled officers of state. He did not appear in Kingly robes, or take up His residence in a palace of marble; but the Lord of Life and Glory, whose mission was to save the world, came alone. The angels' midnight song to a few shepherds was the only announcement. No brilliant illuminations, but one star brighter than the rest to cast a halo of light over the pathway of the world's Redeemer. For a palace, a stable; for a throne, a manger. No room in the inn; fresh from the world of light, where angels adored. He came the God-man, and paid the first instalment by His lowly birth. The second instalment was made by His temptation in the wilderness. All through His ministry "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," until His enemies sneered, as He hangs bleeding on the cross, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

The cup is lifted and drained to the dregs, and from the darkness and agony of that bloody cross there rings the warrior's dying cry of victory, "It is finished!" and

amidst the pity of heaven, the execrations of earth, and the yells of hellish glee, the last instalment of man's redemption was paid. Ah,

#### What a Cost!

Poor sin-bound soul, He has paid thy debt—at a wondrous cost.

My comrades, He has left to us, to you, the ministry of reconciliation. Laborers are wanted. The armies of hell are gathering. Who will spring into the firing line? Lift up the standard of salvation, and, regardless of ease, pleasure, or selfish interests, will you this Eastertide come right out, consecrate yourself to His service for the salvation of the lost—

#### AT ANY COST?

# THE GATES OF LIFE.

Short Descriptions of Many Means Used by God in Leading Men and Women into Life Everlasting.

## HAD A VISION OF HERSELF.

**M**Y moral life was interrupted twenty-six years ago by a vision of myself standing on the edge of a large pit, deep and wide, with smooth walls; no way for escape, if one more step were taken. I understood this was my position in God's sight, and while gazing in astonishment, realizing for the first time in my life that I was a sinner, I heard a voice say, "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby you can be saved but the name of Jesus." Turning immediately, not from fear of the pit, but anxious to get away from sin, I flew to this only "Name," asking His help to repent. This bitter experience caused a horror of backsliding, as I never wanted to pass through it again. When true repentance had finished her work, conversion followed, like a deed to my soul—a peace that passeth all understanding; trust sprang up within my heart towards Jesus; was troubled about other people doing well for eternity. All glory, honor, and praise I give to Jesus for ever!—H. Clarke.

## EARNESTNESS AND ZEAL WON SCOTT.

**I**N a Salvation Army meeting which I attended one Sunday afternoon in Great Falls, Mont., I was much impressed with the earnestness depicted on the faces of the Salvationists and the zeal they had for their work (for I had watched them some weeks before this).

At the close of the meeting the Captain lined out the familiar song, "I have a home that is fairer than day," before the singing of each verse inviting the unsaved who were present to seek salvation then.

As he gave out the last verse, "Oh, who will journey to heaven with me?" the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I could not join in the singing of it.

The Captain then asked those who desired them to pray for them to raise their hand, and I did so.

In the evening, as was my custom, I went to church, but did not enjoy the service, in fact I could not remember anything that was said by the minister. I felt that the Salvationists were praying for my soul. As soon as the service ended I urged my companion to go with me to the Army, and that I was going to get saved. This I did. That is more than ten years ago. Ever since my life has been one of victory and joy in Christ. Hallelujah!—Lily B. Scott, Ensign.

## THE CHORUS HAUNTED HER.

**I**T is rather difficult to state just what person was the means of my salvation, for it took me three years to come to the deciding point; but in that time the faithful dealing I received from the different officers that came to Revelstoke all helped me nearer to decision. The simple question of a Cadet, "Are you saved?" first brought conviction to my heart, but the main means I attribute to the chorus that was sung so frequently in the meetings,

"Oh, say, will you take up your cross?  
Your Saviour is waiting your answer."

Try as I would, I could not get rid of that chorus, and especially the second line would haunt me. God was waiting my answer—not the Army officers, but God Almighty, to whom I would have to give account of my opportunities. I became so miserable that I could bear it no longer, so on New Year's Eve, as the old year was passing out and the new coming in, at the barracks, I gave my heart to God and found forgiveness.

Then came the call for the field. Again I was not willing. Clearer than ever rang those convicting words in my ears, "Oh, say,

will you take up your cross?" as the voice of God to my soul.

I struggled against it for six months, but on the 19th of August, 1901, realizing to keep my salvation I must obey at all costs, I went to the cross once more, and there found grace to bear my cross. For the past two years, as a Salvation Army officer, I have ever found His grace sufficient for me.—Margaret Lewis, Lieut.

## IN SPIRITUAL SPECIAL'S MEETINGS.

**I** WAS converted in the year 1899, in one of the meetings in the Army Temple, on a Sunday evening, led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. While the Colonel was speaking the words were driven home to my heart, and there and then I gave God my heart. Ever since I have been trying to do my best for God. Sometimes I get discouraged, but I have taken the promise of God, where He said He never would leave nor forsake us. I love Him to-day with all my heart.—Lizzie Bradley.

[The writer is only thirteen years old, but is a regular War Cry boomer.—Ed.]

## JOHN iii. 16 CONVERTED HIM.

**W**HILE lying very sick in one of the hospitals in Bermuda, we were visited by a lady who took special interest in visiting, and distributing tracts, and speaking to us about spiritual matters, and trying to lead us in the right way. She came, as usual, one day, and not wanting to hear her I feigned sleep. After she had gone I opened my eyes and saw a tract on my pillow, on the front page of which were these words, "John iii. 16." I knew the verse, as I had learned it at Sunday School in years gone by, but I opened the tract and read it. While reading mother's prayers and father's entreaties came up before me; I had left them in the Old Country when I ran away. I promised God if He would only restore me I would lead a better life and serve Him. After I had left the hospital I forgot my promise, and went further into sin. Being transferred from one island to another I followed the old course—drinking and gambling. Coming one day from behind the bars, where I had spent some time for my misdeeds, I was looking in my trunk when I again came across that tract. I read it again and went out for a walk. There was a series of revival meetings going on in the Methodist Church (this was before the Army opened there). I went inside, and proved that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. This was on the 18th of October, 1892, and God has kept me since that time. Where I once proved the way of the transgressor was hard, I am now proving God's ways are pleasantness and His paths are paths of peace.—W. H. Ford, Capt.

## THE INFLUENCE THROUGH WHICH I FOUND CHRIST.

**T**O-DAY I thank God, and through eternity I will continue to sing praises to His name, because He gave me the greatest gift I believe it possible for God to give me, next to the gift of the Holy Spirit, namely, a Christian mother.

I was born in 1882, was nursed by a Christian mother, rocked in a Christian cradle, and lulled to sleep with sweet cradle-songs telling of a Saviour's love. Later, that same mother sat by the hour with her child at her knee, reading those precious stories of Christ, in order to develop my Christian character. How my heart was touched and my nature softened during those quiet hours. Many a tear I shed and many a resolve I made.

Living under such an influence, my nature

so permeated with divine thoughts and emotions, was it any wonder, when, at the age of twelve, God placed His fingers on my heart, and spoke to me with that still, small voice, and that my nature was ready, my heart prepared to become "the temple of the living God."

## CONSISTENT, CONSECRATED OFFICERS WON HER.

**H**AVING attended S. A. meetings for seven months, I felt convinced that the Salvationists were out-and-out for God, meant what they said, and practised what they preached. I coveted an experience like they had—such liberty in speaking to the public, their godly, consistent lives, and the fearlessness which they showed in meeting obstacles that came in their way. They were only two weak, frail girls, but it was a revelation to me of some unseen power I did not possess. On a Saturday night, when we had a "Saved Drunkard's Meeting," as the Captain sang, "Are you coming home to-night?" I arose and said in my heart, "Yes, Lord, it shall be to-night." After a struggle with my pride, I left it and all the rest of my sins at the cross, and God wonderfully saved me. My mother and father were very much opposed to me becoming one of the "queer people," and wrote me saying they hoped I should see my mistake and come to my senses. They did not wish to see me till I did. In my trouble I fell on my knees and grasped my Bible, asking God to give me a promise. As I opened the book my eyes fell on these words, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." I promised God there and then that if I could be of any use to Him, or He could make any use of me, I would serve Him wherever He would lead me. Up to the present time I have served Him the best I knew how, and trust I may serve Him to the end of my life.—Mrs. W. A. Taylor, soldier of Newcastle, N.B.

## FIVE DOLLARS AND PERSONAL KINDNESS DID IT.

**J**ANUARY 20th, 1900, found me without money, and seemingly without friends, in the city of Portland, Oregon, having left Spokane, Wash., some three weeks previous. I began thinking of some likely acquaintance I could communicate with to help me, but I very soon concluded that it would be labor in vain writing to any of my associates at Spokane, for as they, like myself, liked the gambling dens and frequented the saloons, they were, no doubt, in almost as bad a fix as I was myself. I had been employed at one of the large dry goods stores in that city, but resigned my position after working there ten weeks; previous to my obtaining this situation, I had worked at the Army Shelter, and so formed the acquaintance of the officer in charge, Adj. D.—I learned before I left Spokane that this officer had been appointed to take charge of the Men's Social Work at Victoria, B.C. I wrote him, as a last resource, and was greatly surprised to receive a letter from him two days later with a \$5 money order enclosed. I landed in Victoria in a sad plight, March 10th, 1900, and went at once to the Men's Shelter, where Adj. D.—and his wife gave me a very hearty welcome and made me feel quite at home. I had nothing to my credit at the bank and nothing in my pockets either, and was, in fact, a physical wreck, having led a fast life. I was just thirty-four years of age. I attended the meeting Sunday afternoon in the barracks, then on Broad Street, and as the Bible was being read rose to my feet and wept most bitterly at the mercy seat and asked God to save me. He did, bless His name, and has kept me ever since. My old appetites and passions are events of the past, and to-day I am rejoicing in a full and free salvation. I was raised in the Roman Catholic doctrine. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the kindness of the officers to me in my time of distress won my heart to Christ.—Yours, Old Joe, Spokane Correspondent to the Cry.

(Continued on page 18.)

# Calvary the Portals of Grace.

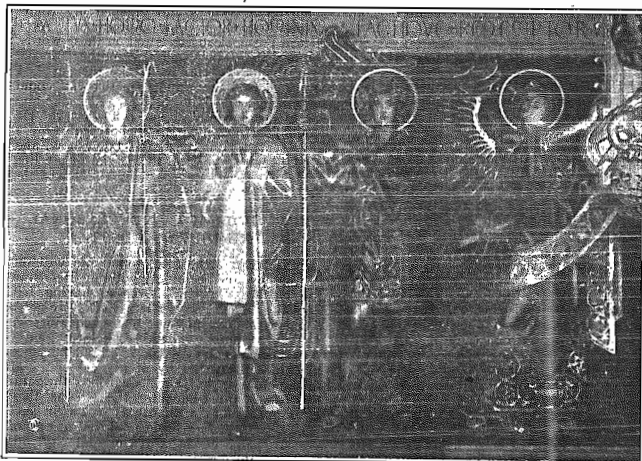
**A**S the angel with the flaming sword closed the portals of Paradise behind Adam and Eve, humanity entered upon a desperate struggle with the powers of hell, which had planned their everlasting destruction. And they nearly accomplished their design, for the decurge wiped out the entire human race except one family.

The covenant of Jehovah with Noah opened a new dispensation for man, who entered into it under the arch of the rainbow. But Satan did not quit the field. Unrelentingly he pursued his purpose, for the Bible tells us of the varying advances and relapses of human morality, until at Sinai Moses brought a chosen people under the influence of divine law and guidance, and the worship of the true God.

The gates of Sinai led Israel within the enclosure of the Law, compelling an undisciplined host of liberated slaves to train themselves to submit, instead of to the whip of the Egyptian taskmaster, to the restrictions of a moral law. In this manner the cast iron rule of the Old Testament, which demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, fashioned and developed humanity into the mould of God's purposes until a peculiar

with it swung wide open the portals of grace. With His blood He had sealed the contract; the law was satisfied, love held out a full pardon to mankind. Whosoever will may come and claim, by virtue of the universal amnesty proclaimed on Calvary, a free forgiveness of sins, and enter into all the rights of divine sonship.

During the recent South African war a number of Boer prisoners were sent to the Island of Ceylon for detention. At the conclusion of peace all those prisoners of war who took the oath of allegiance to King Edward VII. were liberated, returned to their native soil, and reinstated on their former farms. But there remain to this day still a few hundred Boers who refuse, in spite of all entreaties from friend or foe, to take the oath of allegiance, and are still in imprisonment at Ceylon. Is this not a suitable illustration of the condition in which many rejectors of Christ find themselves? They are in bondage to sin, and prefer to remain in the grip such bondage entails, while the King of Heaven has proclaimed full amnesty to all repenting sinners, and freely makes those who accept His free salvation heirs of heaven, as well as installs them on a spiritual estate, with the



people with a spiritual conscience was created. But there was yet a wrong idea of God prevailing. He was the stern Judge, and the Law His rod, wherewith He ruled and terrified.

When the time had fully come, God revealed Himself in His highest character, as the Father of man, in His Son, Jesus Christ. When Jesus was born in Bethlehem's manger heaven's gate opened to let the heralds of a new dispensation make the glorious proclamation to the humble shepherds of the field. It took still thirty-three years, during which the Son of God lived among men, before His mission was fully understood even by His disciples. God had to clothe Himself with human flesh and blood before man learned to understand Him, and His love toward His children.

"He came to His own, and His own received Him not."

What a disastrous misunderstanding! Human intellect could not grasp the idea that God—the great, stern Judge, the supreme Ruler of all creation—should actually become flesh and blood, and they believed not. They accused Him, persecuted, maltreated, and crucified Him—who had only been doing good among them, and had come to save them.

And to the Man of Sorrows hung upon the cross, crying in death, "It is finished!" and

privilege of drawing upon all the resources of heaven.

If you have not yet accepted Christ, seek His pardon now, and enter through the gateway of grace into life everlasting.

What wonders grace has wrought! It has lit a lamp to the despairing, and transformed the unlovely into the beautiful. It has changed hearts, and homes, and cities, and governments, and turned history into new channels. Like grains of mustard seed it fell into the hearts of men, but it grew and was scattered abroad until it reached every clime and every nation, until to-day, although not in the strongest in point of adherents, Christian nations wield the greatest power and direct the course of human events.

And for the individual grace is still doing miracles, which the law could not do. It sobers the drunkard, lifts the fallen, steadies the stumbling one, strengthens the weak, and heals the broken-hearted.

Have you tasted the sweetness of divine grace? Have you tried its conquering powers? Why, then, have you so long rejected it, when a free pardon and the riches of His grace are offered to you? Why be contented to continue in the ruts of past transgression and walk in hard paths of sin, when a way of deliverance has been provided? Why do you starve your soul when green pastures are within reach?



# Darkness and Dawn.

By  
Mrs. Major Stanyon.

**T**HE world had seemingly achieved a great victory. The conflict was a fierce one, but finally the authorities—religious and civil—had succeeded in condemning, scourging, smiting, crucifying, and burying the Nazarene. How they had hated Him! How determinedly and desperately they plotted for His destruction! And at last they had succeeded.

His life had been such a contradiction to their own; such an open rebuke! His scathing words had on more than one memorable occasion revealed and denounced their abominable hypocrisies. The popularity of His cause with the "common people" had endangered their influence; but at last the strife was over, and they had conquered. They argued, the poor would soon forget their Prophet, and the events of the past three years would soon be forgotten.

A hasty trial, notable for its utter absence of justice, had been formally called, and Pilate, hesitating between conscience and fear, had at last heeded the inhuman demand for innocent blood, and the prisoner, of whom the judge declared, "I find in Him no fault at all," was surrendered to die, whilst Barabbas, "a thief and a robber," and guilty of death, had

position would be reviewed! One would speak of that huge mass meeting on the mountain-side, when the Master preached that notable sermon to the eager multitudes. Another would mention His exquisite tenderness and practical sympathy shown to the mother of Nain, when He talked back her only son from the dead, and they marvelled that the possessor of such power should suffer death Himself, and at that a death of ignominy and shame.

Then they would discuss that remarkable scene at the grave of Lazarus, when their Lord healed the broken hearts of the Bethany sisters, by demanding the grave to yield its prey, which it had held in its merciless grip for four days. This mighty miracle they remembered followed that momentous statement, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," and now this great authority, whose voice the dead obeyed, had become the victim of the King of Terrors. Amazing contradiction! No wonder they were confounded and confused.

## The Dawn.

Vigilantly that sepulchre was watched by the Roman guard. All precautions were



been granted liberty. And once in the fiendish power of those bitter foes, the public Benefactor, the Blessor of children, the Healer of the sick, the sympathizing Friend, the Prince of Peace, was hurried to Calvary.

## The Darkness!

Christ's cause at this time certainly appeared doomed, represented by a mere handful, and those were ignorant and weak. The most promising had denied Him, and the most devoted had forsaken Him, to say nothing of the base betrayal of another. Hopeless and helpless indeed was the condition of the disciples of the crucified Christ. Their Friend was dead, and they were broken-hearted! Their expectations were crushed, and they were disappointed! Their hopes had perished, for the cross and the grave were undeniable facts, which to their poor minds interpreted defeat, and seemed to mock their sorrow. It was indeed a poor concern, held in contempt by men and set at naught by devils. Their Leader gone, their hopes gone, their ambitions gone, their faith gone, their light gone, everything of worth gone; and instead, darkness reigned, and the darkness of a dark despair, encircling the present and highlighting the future. It would be difficult to imagine a case more forlorn or a company more distressed.

When Andrew and Peter and James and John and the others re-assembled, how the

taken, all care exercised, for a rumor had reached Pilate that the Prophet had predicted a resurrection, and His disciples might come by night and steal Him away and then declare that His prophecy was fulfilled; and this must never happen. The Galilean was dead, and His cause must perish at all costs. So Pilate sealed the tomb and appointed a guard to watch it.

But despite these efforts, on the morning of the third day, according to divine decree, and in harmony with Christ's own declarations, the seal was broken, the bonds burst, the stone rolled away, death vanished, the grave forsaken, and Christ had risen!

"Death could not keep his prey,

Jesus, my Saviour,

He tore the bars away,

Jesus My Lord.

"Up from the grave He arose,  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes,  
He arose a victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever in my heart to reign.  
He arose! He arose!  
Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

Just as though a few Roman sentinels, or all the Roman soldiery, and even the combined armies of the universe; or the marshalled hosts of hell, could restrain God's power or hinder His purposes! Christ the Crucified was now

(Continued on page 14.)

# Sketch of Our Rescue Institutions and Matrons.

Activity in Rescue Operations—New Developments and Extensions—Training of Certified Nurses—Incorporation of "Grace Hospital" at Winnipeg—New Grants from.

Cities and Governments—Increased Recognition of Value of this Work—

Further Appeals, for Which Women and Money are Needed.

By Mrs. Brigadier Southall, Women's Social Secretary.

**T**HE Editor has very kindly offered us some space in the Easter Cry, for the purpose of giving our friends some little idea of the Women's Social operations. As we have fourteen of these institutions, it will be possible to give but a brief sketch of each.

During the past year some important developments have been made. The incorporation of our Winnipeg institution into "Grace Hospital," which has recently been passed by the Manitoba Government, is one step in the direction of what our various institutions may ultimately become.

The increased confidence in this work on the part of municipal and government authorities is being made manifest by the increase of grants, or by securing them where we have not obtained such previously; in fact only two cities—Halifax and Montreal—in Canada are exceptions in this respect, and we are hopeful that the authorities in these will soon see their way clear to assist the work. The civic funds are economised by our taking up work that would otherwise, in some measure at least, prove a tax upon the city, so that we think it should receive support from sources that are benefitted by such work.

I would like to mention that the Provincial Officers have given us some splendid assistance, by arranging tours for the Matrons, and in other ways, which have lightened our financial burdens considerably.

Training nurses in our own institutions is another new feature. We have five now in training under an M.D. and trained nurse, and these, on completion of their studies, will receive a certificate.

The following figures, for the past year, will be of interest to our friends, and will, I trust serve to bring increased assistance to our work, especially in those cases where financial anxieties exist:

No. of Women Admitted into Homes ..	560
No. Sent to Situations .....	275
No. Sent to Friends .....	145
No. Still in Homes .....	131
No. Unsatisfactory .....	28
No. Professed Conversion .....	112
No. of Children in Homes .....	439

The value of work done in our Homes is over one thousand dollars per month.

**Spokane.**—The work of this institution has been eminently successful during the past few years, and the past year has been even more so than any previous. A large addition was made, of which our readers have been informed.

Staff-Capt. Jost, the Matron, is an officer of many years' experience, and has directed the work with skill and energy. The police authorities are in sympathy with our operations, and appointed the Staff-Captain Police Matron, and it is not unusual for female offenders to be "sentenced" to the Salvation Army.

Both the city and county officials have realized the value of our work, and have made grants to it for some years.

**Vancouver.**—The work has progressed nicely under the leadership of Ensign Butler. The past year has been more successful than previously, and the Ensign writes in bright terms of the outlook for the future. The

city has given a grant during the year, which has been a great help. Brigadier McMillan is hoping to get the Government to do the same, which would place us in a much better position financially.

**Butte.**—Adj. Ogilvie has had a somewhat trying experience during the past year, in moving and other things. The expenses are high, and though the work is so much needed, is not supported as well as it should be. Still there is quite an improvement of late, and the Adjutant is hopeful concerning the future.

**Winnipeg.**—The work of this institution is very successful, but is much hampered by lack of accommodation. The authorities and leading citizens desire our work extended, and to this end it has been considered advisable to incorporate our institution, and thus extend its sphere of usefulness. It will in future be known as "Grace Hospital," and it is expected that in the near future a new building will be erected, which will be much more commodious and adapted to our needs. The Government gives a substantial grant to the work.

Staff-Capt. Kerr is an old field officer, and her past experience is extremely helpful in her present circumstances. Should this meet the eye of anyone who would like to make a substantial donation to the new building, or make a bequest to it, either the Staff-Captain or myself will be glad to send information relating to the same.

**London.**—One of the local newspapers recently gave a full report of the various institutions in that city, and gave a splendid recognition of the work in connection with our Rescue Home. All who visit it are impressed with the character and extensiveness of the work. If the method and orderliness of the institution may be taken as an indication of the character of the person in charge, Staff-Captain McDonald might feel proud of the compliments paid the Home by those who visit it.

Two ladies recently gave a splendid library case to the Home, and two churches gave a number of books.

**Hamilton.**—Ensign Broster has not been long in the Rescue Work, but has done splendidly at Hamilton. The present property is too small for our purposes, as maternity work has recently been adopted, and a splendid opportunity is offered some philanthropic friend to secure more commodious premises for us. The present house has to be vacated by May 1st.

**Toronto.**—Under the capable management of Adj. Lowry this Home is doing splendidly. The laundry is very successful, and very largely supports the institution. An average of twenty women and fourteen children are cared for weekly.

The Children's Shelter has been doing well, having had about twenty children in the institution during the winter months. Ensign Crocker is an adept in managing and caring for children. She is certainly the right person in the right place.

**Ottawa.**—Many of our friends will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that from fifty-five to sixty inmates are cared for in this institution. Ensign Hicks has done splendidly in the management and financing of the Home. Owing to the demands made upon it, larger premises have been secured, at considerable cost.

The city requested us to take the children neglected by parents, or in other unfortunate circumstances. Some pathetic cases have been dealt with, and the Ensign has two little waifs at present—one supposed to have been stolen when an infant, and trained for the purpose of begging. The city has given a grant during the past year.

Ensign Smith has just completed her studies, and will shortly get her certificate as a trained nurse.

**Montreal.**—Staff-Captain Ellery is well-known for her long and faithful career as an officer. This record applies to her service also. The work in this institution has been much handicapped by lack of accommodation, and we quite expect that when it is opened in the premises they are moving into in May, the work will become even more efficient.

A lady has kindly offered to furnish the Matron's bed-room in the new house. Brigadier Turner is trying to secure municipal aid for the Home, which would be a great help, and I trust he will be successful.

The Women's Shelter in Montreal is doing good work under the leadership of Ensign Taylor. The Ensign has a splendid way of dealing with her clients, and a number have been converted, while many regard the Shelter as their home indeed.

**St. John, N.B.**—We are fortunate in having secured the splendid three-storey building we have in this city for our purposes, and a splendid work is being done.

Staff-Capt. Holman is an able manager and financier. The work is much admired by our friends, among whom I am pleased to mention Mr. and Mrs. Bullock. St. John people have a reputation for being warm-hearted and generous. The Government gives a grant to the work, which we trust it will soon feel warranted in increasing. The number who are cared for in this institution are seventeen women and twenty children weekly.

**Halifax.**—Unfortunately the financing of this institution is a difficult matter, as it receives no assistance from the Government or city. But for the economical and able management of Adj. Mrs. Payne, and the sympathy of a few real practical friends, it would be a very serious matter. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp has relieved our anxieties a good deal by his kindness in arranging tours, and assisting the work in other ways.

A splendid work is done in this institution, and in perhaps no other city is there such scope for our Rescue operations. Surely we shall soon hear of that recognition on the part of the authorities that this branch of our work receives in other cities, and in nearly every country where our flag flies. An average of fifteen women and thirty-three children are cared for weekly.

**St. John's, Nfld.**—Adj. Ward is in charge for the time being, and is doing nicely.

Through the interest and efforts of Brigadier Smetton, the work has received recognition from the Government, and the grant now amounts to \$450. Our Home is the only one of the kind on the Island, and the present premises will be enlarged in the near future, to meet the increased demands made upon it.

From recent international statistics we learn that an average of 5,850 unfortunate and fallen women pass through our 112 Rescue Homes annually in the various countries where this work is carried on. Over 85 per cent of these turn out satisfactorily.

These results are noted and favorably commented upon by statesmen, philanthropists, ministers and others, and considered to be unique.

ENSIGN STICKES  
REDEMPTION HOME, OTTAWA

ADIE LOWRY, IND. HOME, TORONTO

STAFF-CAPT. REAR, FORT RESCUE  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

STAFF-CAPT. McDONALD, FORT HOPE, LONDON, ONT.

ENSIGN BRUSTER  
HOPE HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

ENSIGN GILVIE, SPOKANE, WASH.

ENSIGN BUTLER, MERCY HOME  
VANCOUVER, B.C.

STAFF-CAPT. HOLMAN,  
THE HOMESTEAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MRS. BRIG-SOUTHALL  
WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECY., TORONTO

ENSIGN MRS. FAYNE,  
THE BRIDGE, HALIFAX, N.S.

STAFF-CAPT. ELLERY,  
LIBERTY HALL, MONTREAL

STAFF-CAPT. JOST,  
LIBERTY HOME, SPOKANE, WASH.

ENSIGN TAYLOR  
BEULAH HALL, MONTREAL

MAJOR STEWART  
ASSISTANT WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECY.

ENSIGN CROCKER  
CHILDREN'S SHELTER, TORONTO

ADJUTANT LEWIS  
"THE ANCHORAGE,"  
VANCOUVER, B.C.

**SALVATION  
ARMY  
SISTERS OF MERCY**

# Easter Blossoms.

## UNUSED SPICES.

By Miss Mary H. Rowland.

**W**HAT said those women as they bore

Their fragrant gifts away—  
The spices that they needed not  
That resurrection day?

Did Mary say within her heart,  
"Our work has been in vain?"  
Or, counting o'er the spices bought,  
Of so much waste complain?

Not so, for though the risen Lord  
Their spices did not need,  
Not unrewarded was the love  
That planned the reverent deed.

For though unused their fragrant store,  
Yet well might they rejoice,  
Since they the first who saw the Lord,  
The first who heard His voice.

Sweet story, hast thou not some truth  
For my impatient heart;  
Some lesson that shall stay  
With me  
Its comfort to impart?

Have I not gathered in the  
past,  
In days that are no more,  
Of spices sweet, and oint-  
ment rare,  
What seemed a precious  
store?

A little knowledge I have  
gained,  
A little knowledge I had  
skill—  
I thought to use them for  
my Lord,  
If such should be His will.

Alas! my store unused hath  
been,  
The strength I prized  
hath gone;  
My weary hands have lost  
their skill,  
And yet my life goes on.

In all the busy work of life,  
I have but scanty share,  
And scanty is the service  
done  
For Him whose name I  
bear.

So many hopes and plans have died  
In weariness and pain,  
My heart cries out in sore distress,  
"Was all my work in vain?"

Be still, sad heart; thy hopes and plans  
Are known to One divine;  
He knoweth all thou wouldst have done  
Had greater strength been thine.

My unused spices! Dearest Lord,  
They were prepared for Thee,  
Yet if for them Thou hast no need,  
Let love my offering be.

## RESURRECTION ROBES.

**W**E are weaving everyday, as we  
pass along our way,  
Intent upon our busy work, or  
just as busy play,  
Beneath the casual gaze of men, the  
angel's steady eyes,  
The robes of resurrection in which we  
shall arise.

Then the threads we sadly spun, and in  
darkness one by one  
Wove in the fabric, wishing that  
the long, hard task was done.

Shall gleam and glimmer as a mist of lovely  
rose and blue,  
And the blacker threads of sorrow shall be  
made lovely too.

The glimmering glints of gold from a patience  
manifest

Shall make a pattern sweet and strange, and  
beauteous to behold,  
And the white of purity shall shine, the tear  
spots fade away,  
As we don our resurrection robes upon that  
last great day.

## STABAT MATER.

This most pathetic hymn of the Middle  
Ages is not so well known among Protestants  
as it ought to be. "The vividness with which  
it pictures the weeping mother at the cross,  
its tenderness, its beauty of rhythm, its  
melodious double rhymes, and its impressiveness  
when sung either to the fine plain song  
melody or in the noble compositions which  
many of the great masters of music have set

## Easter Dawn.

BY ELSIE M. GRAHAM.

**W**hen the first faint light is falling o'er the waters far away,  
Ere the shadows of the night are wholly gone,  
When the last pale moon-beams mingle with the glow of coming day,  
I rise to greet the glorious Easter dawn.

'Tis the dawn of resurrection, 'tis the dawn of hope renewed:  
A purer, nobler life shall now begin;  
Filled with grief for dying virtues, and with spirit all subdued,  
I look to Christ to free me from all sin.

Freedom is life's great requirement, and without it I must die:  
Every sin, enslaving, says my spirit's powers;  
But the free in Christ go on to perfect liberty on high;  
Before the strong, free spirit Satan cowers.

Liberty must be expansion: fettered life will shrink and fade,  
And soon or late will end in death and gloom;  
But there's life and liberty for every soul the Lord has made,  
In Him who burst the fetters of the tomb.

to it, go far to justify the place it has long  
held in the Roman Catholic Church."

It dates in its present form from about 1150.  
It was written in Latin by Jacopone, Jacobus  
de Benedictis. It has been translated seventy-  
eight times into German, and many times into  
every other language. It has been set to  
music by Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, Ros-  
sini, and Dvorak. It has been Protestantized  
by mutilation in "Hymns Ancient and Mod-  
ern." We give a translation, which misses,  
however, the lyric beauty of the Latin text:

**A**T the cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful mother weeping.  
"Close to Jesus to the last;  
Through her heart His sorrow sharing,  
All His bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Was that mother highly blessed  
Of the sole-begotten One!  
Christ above in torment hangs,  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelmed in misery so deep,  
Christ's dear mother to behold?  
Can the human heart refrain

From partaking in her pain,  
In that mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
She beheld her tender child  
All with bloody scourges rent,  
For the sins of His own nation,  
Saw Him hang in desolation,  
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him who mourned for me,  
All the days that I may live:  
Thy cross with thee to stay,  
There with thee to weep and pray,  
Is all I ask of thee to give.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,  
Be Thou only my defence,  
By Thy cross my victory;  
While my body here decays,  
May my soul Thy goodness praise,  
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

Sunlight upon Judea's hills,  
And on the waves of Gal-  
ilee, [the hills  
On Jordan's stream, and on  
That feed the dead and  
sleeping sea!  
Most freshly from the green-  
wood springs  
The light breeze on its scent-  
ed wings;  
And gaily quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change  
hath come!  
The sky is dark without a  
cloud!  
The shouts of wrath and joy  
are dumb,  
And proud knees unto  
earth are bowed.  
A change is on the hill of  
death, [for breath,  
The helmed watchers pant  
And turn with wild and man-  
iac eyes [fice!  
From the dark scene of sacri-

That sacrifice—the death of  
Him— [One!  
The High and ever Holy  
Well may the conscious hea-  
ven grow dim,  
And blacken the beholding  
sun!

The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his caverned bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!  
Their prison door is rent away!  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day!  
The temple of the Cherubim,  
The house of God is cold and dim;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls.

Well may the cavern depths of earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod:  
Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To gaze upon a suffering God!  
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
When He, the chosen One of heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
Behold, unmoved, the atoning hour.  
When Nature trembles on her throne,  
And Death resigns his iron power?  
Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
And added to His tears of blood—  
Refuse its trembling gratitude?

# "Unto the Beast of These."

Written for the Friends of the Auxiliary League.

By Mrs. Blanche (Read) Johnston, Aux. Sec.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

THE little ones represent Christ Jesus, and love and care bestowed upon them is counted by Him as personal service to Himself. Beautifully is this reflected in the old legend of St. Christopher the Knight, who had long sought for the Master. One night, as he was asleep in his canoe, on the banks of a stormy river, he heard above the howling tempest the wail of a suffering child. He rushed to the rescue and saved it from drowning in the winter torrent. But as he laid the little one upon the ground—himself chilled and almost exhausted with the struggle—the face of the child was transfigured, and the Saviour's face shone out upon the trembling man. With eyes shining, and a sweet smile illumining His countenance, Jesus said kindly, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto Me, henceforth your name shall be Christ-opher—Christ-bearer." In seeking the little one St. Christopher found the long-sought Redeemer.

It is ever so. In caring for and training the poor waifs of society, the loving Jesus has given Himself in present blessing to the rescuers. The Salvation Army workers have proved this true. One said:

"A poor, unhappy woman, with her two little children, the baby only four months old, applied for admission to one of our Homes. Her husband had given away to sin in an evil hour, and broken the laws of his country. Five years in the penitentiary was the sentence he received. Notwithstanding the most tender care, the little baby died some time after being brought to us. An officer, while visiting the prison, saw the father, whose sad, despairing face was pressed against the cruel iron bars. Advancing toward him, after a few kind inquiries, she told him of his baby's death. His eyes filled with tears, and he groaned out, 'Oh, do take care of my little girl. I cannot do anything for my family now, but I will be a good man, and a good father, when I get out of here.' Who can tell the anguish of remorse of his father-heart, and not much consolation did it bring to him to know that he suffered the due reward of his evil deeds.

The blessed news of God's love and free pardon is carried by His children even to the despairing hearts bleeding behind the quiet, stony recesses of the prison cell. This man was assured that the child should be cared for until he was liberated.

"Little children, homeless children, pleading eyes and outstretched hands, Crying for the homes withheld in this favored, Christian land; Are there not some souls responsive, sympathetic, loving, true, Who will spread the nation's roof-tree over every one of you?"

The officials of a female prison, after trying in vain to get a wee three-months-old baby into some institution, sent to the

Army with the pathetic plea, "You see we have no place for it but the laundry or the prison cell, and a cell is almost too cold for a baby." After a time it was adopted into the family of a physician where its aunt, a nice, respectable young girl, was working. Our friends will pray that a bright life may be before the little child whose first breath was drawn in a prison cell.

"Stricken women, childless women, empty arms and aching heart, Yearning for the bliss of mother-joy, in which you have no part, Does the quiet of the churchyard, in its still embraces, hold Little ones that you are longing in your arms once more to fold?"

A physician, in the rounds of his professional duties, discovered in a poor miserable hovel, a tiny, half-starved baby, scarcely enough flesh over its bones to keep the emaciated form together. Its discomfort was greatly increased by the vermin which tortured the little body. The doctor's kind wife brought it, just as it was, to the Army. The officers washed and cared for it, but it was too late, and in spite of every care, the little one passed away. Its last days, however, were made comfortable and happy.

A similar case was that of the baby of a poor fallen girl who was brought to the Army one bitter cold night.

"Oh," cried the woman in whose care it was, "can't you take it in? Surely there is some corner where you can put it."

It, too, was received, warmed, and cared for by loving hands, "for His dear sake."

"Children homeless, women childless, show a surcease to your care; Happy homes and waiting parents are abounding everywhere. Let there be no more estrangement, 'neath the blue of heaven's dome, There's a child for every household, and for every waif a home."

"Down one of the worst localities of one of our largest cities, a policeman was passing. The mechanical rhythm of his measured tread belied the humane, sympathetic heart which beat beneath his coat of blue. It was the prompting of this same heart which made this agent of the law pause before a wild little girl, out of whom scarce thirteen winters of the worst influence of wicked seniors had well-nigh already erased the last lingering trace of maiden grace. To the question how she came to such a place unprotected, amid such worse than cruel company, she returned the all-sufficient reason, 'No home, and no mother.' Whereupon that same stalwart man in blue took her into custody and literally 'ran her in'—not behind the iron-clamped door of the police station, but into the hospitable entry of an Army institution, where tender nurture and patient guidance are doing love's utmost to undo what may be of evil chains forged with such iniquitous precision around that young soul."

And this is the work our friends can facilitate with their prayers and their money. Out of the dark night of this helpless childhood may a star of hope rise. May the new life dawn for many who are in the bondage of the grave of hopelessness; in the name of Him who burst the tomb's bands and gave Easter glory for despair's gloom, and Easter sunshine after the dark night of death.

"The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed; Let shouts of holy joy outburst, Hallelujah!"

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks.

# Not the Righteous.

AN INCIDENT IN WEST INDIAN WARFARE.

I met a maiden in the prime of college-life and youth, And wondered whether she had found the way of Gospel truth. "And have you been converted yet?" I asked, and caught her eye. "I don't know that I have," she said, and then she gave a sigh. She told me she had often won a Scripture prize, and such; And seemed surprised that I should say this did not count for much. She said she was a member, too—confirmed eight years ago; So not a sinner such as some, and anyone might know.

I took the Bible, and I showed her words that were divine; "Ye must be born again," it said, "or ye are none of Mine." Said she, "I've learnt theology, but you're the first to ask Me if I have converted been. Why take me thus to task? And as for being saved," she said, "I really can't believe That anybody can be saved: they do themselves deceive. We're sinful born, and sinful live, and even in each prayer We say the thing we should not say; so sin is also there."

I spoke to her of holiness, of being "pure in heart," Of being filled with righteousness, and called to walk apart; I read to her a dozen texts, and then she made reply: "You're contradicted by the rest—you should not pass them by." Just then her mother overheard our talk, and so she came, Repeating all her daughter said—their creeds were both the same. They said that they were righteous born, but somewhere in the town The drunkard and the harlot lived—there I might win my crown!

Adj. Phillips, Jamaica.

To get the public-house out of the street is good; but to get the depraved appetite out of the man is better.—Dr. Hunter.

# HABITS.

Habit may be said to be a tendency or aptitude acquired by custom or frequent repetition; and it is said that "Man is a bundle of habits."

Bad habits are more easily acquired than good ones; and that which to-day may seem a trifling thing, will soon become a fixture, and hold you with the strength of a cable.

Everyone acquires habits of some kind, and, whether good or bad, these soon become part of oneself. Who has not read or heard of the aged prisoner of the Bastille, who, when liberated on the storming of that notable prison in 1789, entreated that he might be allowed to return to his dungeon, the reason being that his system threatened to collapse under the attempt to change his habits! A good or desirable habit may be more easily formed than one may at first imagine. By doing the same thing at the same time every day, although, perhaps, a little irksome at first, it will soon become a positive pleasure. It is remarkable what a large amount of work can be accomplished in a single day by working with a method.



## FROM THE FIELD.



### FOURTEEN AT THE MERCY SEAT.

Bay Roberts.—The Lord is blessing us and souls are being saved. Last week we had the joy of seeing fourteen kneel at the mercy seat.—Lamont and French.

### TWENTY-NINE SEEK FORGIVENESS.

Gooseberry Island.—God is giving us victory. Since Sunday week we have had the joy of seeing twenty-two juniors and seven seniors rejoicing over sins forgiven. The soldiers are all on fire for souls.—S. Smith and Baggs, C.O's.

### THE REVIVAL HAS STARTED.

Collingwood.—We are pleased to say that two new soldiers were added to our number on Sunday, making a total of thirteen who have taken their stand for God under the flag during the past few months. The revival has started among the juniors. The Provincial Revivalists will be here for the next two weeks, so our faith runs high for a harvest of souls. The officers are farewelling. May God bless and prosper His work in this town.—A. Boggs, C.O.

### A SALVATION WAVE.

Eastport.—Although a storm was raging on Thursday night we had a good meeting and one backslider came to the cross. Another young man was deeply convicted, but would not yield, and left the hall in tears. The meeting had been closed about fifteen minutes when he returned and cried to God for mercy. A salvation wave is spreading over Eastport. On Sunday six more sought Christ.—H. Spray.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE SEEK GOD.

Spokane.—Saturday night a young man who had attended our meetings for some time surrendered and found pardon. At the close of Sunday night's service a dear man and his wife repented of their sins, and have since proved that there is power in the blood to keep them. Monday night's meeting was a musical one. The Harmonic Quartet, who had been on tour for two weeks, returned home. Our barracks was packed. It is a long time since Spokane has had the pleasure of listening to such good music. There were cornets, harps, bells, and other instruments, also some splendid solo singing. At the close three souls knelt at the mercy seat. During the two weeks the Harmonic Quartet have been on tour God has made them a mighty blessing. Brigadier McMillan states that over fifty precious souls have been led to give their hearts to God. Capt. Travis, of No. II. corps, reports that he is very happy in his "little corner," and we know that God has so far blessed his efforts in this his first appointment, and is giving him his desire in winning souls for Christ.—Old Joe.

### DESERONTO AWAKENING.

The Harmonic Revivalists were highly favored in having with them for their closing week-end at Deseronto Brigadier Turner, the indomitable Provincial Officer. Remarkable interest had been awakened and great enthusiasm prevailed. The barracks was inadequate to accommodate the crowds, numbers being turned away. One thousand people attended the Sunday's meetings. Two hundred were present at the special meeting for men.

The Brigadier gave some remarkable addresses, which were characterized with power, especially on Saturday night, when his subject was, "How we spend our years."

The climax was reached on Monday night,

this being the wind-up of the campaign. The barracks was gorged. A musical blizzard had been announced, and an excellent program was rendered by the Harmonics, assisted by officers and comrades from Nanpess. The people were delighted. We had a red-hot prayer meeting at the finish with thirteen souls at the penitent form, making a total of twenty-six for the week-end.—Silvis.

### A WEEK-END AT CORNWALL.

On Saturday night we met early for march and open-air, and a goodly number turned out. A large crowd gathered around and listened attentively to the testimonies of two converted drunkards. One poor drunk followed us to the barracks, and before the meeting closed found his way to the mercy seat. A nice crowd attended the holiness meeting on Saturday and consecrated themselves afresh for service, with the result that no less than thirty were on the march in the afternoon. Great interest was manifested, both outside and in, and several raised their hands for prayer. A special feature of the meeting was a song by two native Indians in their own language, after which they gave their testimony in the English tongue. On Monday evening a lantern service was given by Ensign Edwards to a good crowd, who greatly appreciated "John Ploughman's Pictures." The visible results of the week-end were two souls.

Cornwall is forging ahead and when the new Citadel is erected we may expect this corps to be second to none. A band is also started, of which we shall hear more in the future.—G. E.

### NEW HALL CROWDED.

Owen Sound.—Praise God for a glorious week-end. Our crowds are increasing and several souls seeking salvation and purity of heart. On Sunday we had a real spiritual feast at our knee-drill. Some of the comrades got the glory and danced for joy. Did not our hearts burn within us as we talked with each other of His love?

In the afternoon we had a splendid crowd, and many spoke of the blessings they enjoyed in serving the Lord. Adj. Burrows enrolled six soldiers and received five others who were being transferred to the Owen Sound corps, making an increase of eleven soldiers, all of whom were heartily welcomed into the corps.

At night the beautiful hall was crowded, extra seats were brought in and they were soon filled. The Adjutant requested some of the friends to come on the platform in order to make room for others. This meeting was the memorial service of our late comrade, Sergt. W. Redfern, who was so well known and respected. Brothers Alcock and Williams and Mr. J. C. Millar each told of the wonderful way God had blessed our late comrade, and of his victorious death. Mr. Millar said that he had known him for forty years, and missed him as he would a brother. We all miss him very much from his place at the front with the flag, but our loss is heaven's gain.

The Adjutant read that beautiful verse in Gen. xv. 8, "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered to his people," from which many beautiful illustrations were taken and incidents cited in connection with the life and death of Abraham, which fittingly applied to many admirable points in the experience of our late comrade, and deeply impressed the congregation present. Many were under conviction, but did not yield. We believe they will come soon.—S. M. Miller.

Daniel Webster said, "The greatest thought or idea of my life is my responsibility to God."

### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

We may carry the Easter lesson beyond its primary application to the dead who "sleep in Jesus," to other experiences of life.

There are other graves besides those in which we bury our dead. There are sepulchres in which our heart's hopes are buried away. But in Christ nothing that is good and lovely can be really lost. The visions of beauty which once hung above your soul, and which you strove to grasp, but which now seem to have vanished and to have been lost—they are not lost, they are in the depths of your soul, yours for ever, part of your own being. The outer form may have perished, but the inner spirit remains. The dreams of youth, which meant so much to you, and which appear to have died and come to nothing, are not dead; they served their purpose and passed from sight; but they perished only as blossoms perish when they give place to the fruit.

"He lives—all glory to His name!  
He lives—my Saviour still the same."

### A PAINFUL DELUSION.

The idea that the presence of only a small number of people makes it unlikely that God will bless them is really a painful delusion. Jesus Christ's meetings were nearly all small, and, except now and then, it is very improbable that the apostles ever addressed more than a hundred people at the same time. The great world-wonder of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit Himself was made manifest, was only seen by 120 persons. The great victories of the five hundred years of Christianity were chiefly won in little tiny secret meetings held in caves and underground passages, when, amidst handfuls of despised servants and slaves, God made His power glorious. Do not let us, then, look down upon or neglect small meetings; let us use them to the very best advantage.—The Chief of the Staff.

## Darkness and Dawn.

(Continued from page 9).

Christ the Conqueror, the Founder of Christianity! He rose from the tomb and triumphed over all His enemies and sent forth a band of consecrated, fire-baptised apostles to shake the world by its mighty power.

And what a revolution followed—the mightiest on record—and brought alone by the crucified impostor, as the world called Him. Creeds and prejudices, forms and ceremonies of generations were uprooted, and a handful of untutored men, hitherto scorned, became a triumphant force. Hundreds of converts in a day entered the Kingdom of which their Christ was King.

They stood before earth's greatest, and in the name of One greater than they, "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," and on every hand won trophies for their Lord.

From whence their power and victory? One answer: The resurrection! All the consciences smitten, all the hearts won, all the Christians made, all was due to Christ's resurrection.

Previous and subsequent events have left their mark upon the world, but all pale in the light of this momentous fact. Even Calvary alone, with its blood-drops, its agonies, its thorns, its cry, its spear, its sacrifice, could not have availed, but the resurrection was the completion and crowning of redemption's plan.

This is our hope, and a glorious one, a risen Saviour—the source of light, the source of love, and the source of life—"Who will not the death of one, but rather that all would turn unto Him and live."

Let us, then, with quicker steps, march on in the name of the divine conqueror to tell the full, sweet story of love's atoning sacrifice, reveling in the triumphs of the cross, alike to earth and hell, the emblem of sublimest victory!

# EASTER ANTHEMS.

## PIERCED AND NAILED.

Tunes.—Helmsley (N.B.B. 167); Austria (N.B.B. 162).

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train;  
Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion  
Still His dazzling body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers;  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thy eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own;  
Hallelujah!  
Everlasting God, come down!

## THROUGH THE BLOOD.

Tunes.—Better world (N.B.B. 123); What's the News? (N.B.B. 126).

2 Jesus, Thy purity bestow,  
Through the blood!  
The power of perfect cleansing show,  
Through the blood!  
Take every spot of sin away,  
Within my heart for ever stay,  
Give me full victory every day,  
Through the blood!

Increase the faith that conquers doubt,  
Through the blood!  
Cast every evil passion out,  
Through the blood!  
Give me the power to master wrong,  
Against the foe to march along,  
With holy valour make me strong,  
Through the blood!

Give me the love that never dies,  
Through the blood!  
That will Thy cross and passion prize,  
Through the blood!  
Help me to conquer Satan's host,  
And keep me faithful at my post,  
Anoint me with the Holy Ghost,  
Through the blood!

## ON DARK CALVARY.

Tune.—In the Sweet By-and-bye.

3 A wonderful Saviour is given,  
Freely for sinners was slain,  
Sweet is the treasure of joy without measure  
Through Jesus' name.  
Loving and healing with gladness,  
Seeking and saving the lost,  
Wounded with sorrow and sadness,  
Dying in shame on the cross.

Chorus.

'Twas on dark Calvary where the Saviour  
died for thee.  
There for the joy of the lost to save,  
His life as a ransom for sinners He gave,  
And 'tis there from His side that was opened  
deep and wide,  
The crimson's blood's streaming, poor sinners  
redeeming,  
From dark Calvary.

The Saviour so gently is pleading,  
Long He has suffered for thee,  
Taking with gladness your burden of sadness,  
In love so free.  
Come, while in mercy He's calling,  
Pardon is offered to-day,  
Power to cleanse now is falling,  
Power to wash sin away.

Sinner, the time is fast passing,  
Jesus is waiting so nigh;  
Fly to the fountain on Calvary's mountain,  
For pardon cry.  
Light from the homeland is streaming,  
Welcome and pardon they sing;  
Love from the Father is beaming,  
Rest for the weary they bring.

## CHRIST IS WITH US.

Tune.—Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

4 Comrade, has thine heart grown weary?  
Is thy spirit tempest-tossed?  
Have thy wounded feet been bleeding?  
Is thy courage all but lost?

Onward, comrades! Ever onward!  
Till we reach yon golden shore;  
Then with white-robed saints in Glory,  
We shall rest for evermore.

Has thine anguished heart been grieving  
Lest thy life 'twere spent in vain?  
Wait not for the tempter's wooing,  
Rise, and rescue souls again.

Linger not! Oh, linger never!  
Hark, the wail of sin-doomed men,  
Sinking, hopelessly, for ever!  
Is there none to rescue them?

Courage, comrade! Christ is with us!  
Well He knows earth's pain and woe;  
Strength He'll give for every battle!  
Rise, and on to victory go!

Capt. M. E. Fleming.

## LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

Tune.—Let the Blessed Sunshine in.

5 Do you feel you're burdened with a load  
of guilt?

'Twas for you Christ suffered, for you His  
blood was spilt;  
For you the crown of thorns, the spear-  
pierced side—

Oh, let the precious Saviour in!

Let the precious Saviour in,

Let the precious Saviour in,

While He seeks an entrance, sinner, to your  
heart,

Oh, let the precious Saviour in.

Think of all His anguish in Gethsemane,  
Hear Him cry, "If Thou be willing, remove  
this cup from Me."

On His lonely shoulders were a world's sins  
laid;

Oh, let the precious Saviour in!

Joys of earth will vanish, friends will fail you  
here,

Gold will not assist you when death's drawing  
near;

Christ alone can help you over Jordan's flood;  
Oh, let the precious Saviour in!

## THE GATES OF LIFE.

(Continued from page 7.)

### SAVED THROUGH READING "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

I T was in the winter of 1894-5, when we had in Lancashire, Eng., the severest frost on record for forty years; all outdoor work was stopped and I found myself among the unemployed. Having gambled and lost all I might have saved, it was not long before the best part of our home was sold for food and rent. To save expense I removed to a house a little further in the country, which had been condemned as unfit for habitation, sending my wife and children, at her brother's request, to stay with him for a few weeks. Left to myself, I gambled heavier, often going without food, taking all I could get to the card table. After being idle for eleven weeks I found I had neither friend, money, nor food. Arriving home about three o'clock p.m., hungry and footsore, I got hold of a book and commenced to read. The book was entitled, "Jessica's First Prayer." When about half-

way through, God's Holy Spirit entered my lonely home, and I was driven to my knees in prayer. Like Jacob, I vowed if God would give me food, supply me with work, and restore my family again to me, I would serve Him as long as I lived. Before I rose from my knees God sent a minister of the Gospel who supplied me with a note for food, and at 8.30 the same night, the postman brought a letter, which told me of some work for the morrow. My family and myself also were again united. I have since, by the grace of God, remained true, working in the Primitive Methodist Connection while in England, but since coming to Medicine Hat I have been with the Army, and was, on Sunday, 24th January, enrolled as a soldier.

## SAVED IN AN HOTEL.

I T happened on a Sunday night, at a Methodist service in Webbwood, Ont., where Rev. Mr. Colbourne preached, displaying great earnestness. He held a little after-meeting, inviting all to remain. I was fourteen years of age.

After asking those who desired to be converted to hold up their hands, several did so, and I as well. Nearly all were dealt with personally, but being so very young, I was passed by. With a sad heart I met at the door the minister.

He said, "It seems to me, my boy, that you held up your hand, didn't you?"

"I did, sir," I said.

I walked with him to the hotel where he happened to be staying, and entered his room. He read a verse or two from his small pocket Bible, then spoke a few words. Tears streamed down my cheeks and I fell on my knees. I seemed unable to pray. I got up saying I would do my best, and went home most miserably. All seemed dark to me as I retired. Next morning, as soon as I did the few things which were my duty to do at the store where I worked, I started to find the minister to tell him I was not satisfied, but couldn't find him. A little later I started to look for him again, and this time I saw him and explained matters.

"Why, my boy," he said, "it's the devil trying to make you doubt; just trust in Jesus."

It all became clear to me, and I have been trusting from that very moment, which is now nearly ten years.

Shortly after my conversion, watching the Army marching past the office door, only three or four in number, and a lassie-officer leading a poor drunkard to the barracks, I started thinking. I was soon with them, for I settled it on my knees in the office when the others had left. I got sanctified in the Army, became a soldier right away, put on uniform, and ran to get to the open-airs, and am still fighting for the flag, the cross, and the crown.

—N. R. Trickey, Cashier, St. John's, Nfld.

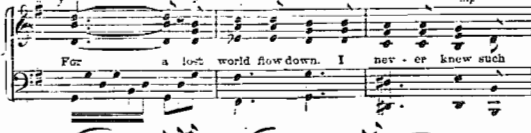
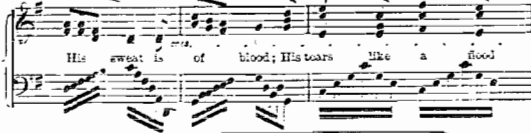
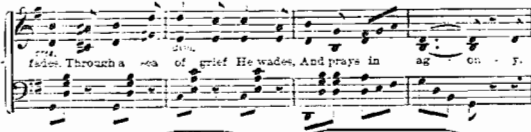
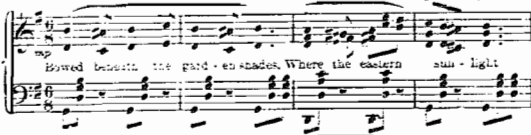
## THIS MAN HAD HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

THREE years ago I saw an advertisement offering six months' subscription to a magazine, and my fortune told, for fifty cents. I sent the money and received a printed delineation which, among other things, said I must place my trust and confidence in God, who rules all this universe, and that I had absolutely nothing to doubt or fear. So with that, and reading other articles, I began to think about my past life. From earliest recollections I had always a desire to live a good life, so I went to the penitentiary at the Salvation Army barracks in Fernie, but backslid after about three months, although I still remained a regular attendant at the meetings. On the 29th of last May, although working on night shift that week, I decided not to go to work, but after supper I called on a backslider, who had just returned to the fold, and together with another soldier we walked as far as the barracks. Knowing it was soldiers' meeting, I did not feel like going inside; however, this returned backslider said he wasn't going in unless I did. That night I went again to the penitentiary form, and, praise God, have not regretted the step.—G. H.

# ME

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY EVANGELINE BOOTH  
COMMISSIONER.

*Andante Sostenuto.*



Hung upon a rugged tree,  
On the hill of Calvary,  
Jesus suffered death, to be  
The Saviour of mankind.  
His brow pierced by the thorn,  
His hands and feet torn,  
With broken heart He died,  
I never knew such pain could be—  
This pain He bore for me.

Love which conquers death-testing,  
Love which has immortal wing,  
Love which is the only thing  
My broken heart to heal.  
It burst through the grave—

It brought grace to save,  
It opened heaven's gate,  
I never knew such love could be—  
This love He gave to me.

When my heart was sorely pressed,  
By my sins and fears distressed;  
Wrong committed unconfessed,  
His pitying grace I sought,  
My sins were forgiven,  
My heart made a heaven:  
My life He now controls,  
I never knew such grace could be—  
Free grace enough for me.

